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CENTENNIAL ORATION
GOV. R. B. HUBBARD,
OF TEXAS,

DELIVERED AT THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA,
SEPTEMBER 11, 1876.

TEXAS:

HER AREA OF TERRITORY, HEALTH AND ITS EVIDENCE,
WEALTH AND POPULATION, SCHOOL ENDOWMENTS,
PRODUCTS, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,
AND RESOURCES OF WEALTH.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the
United States Centennial Commission:*

Nearly two centuries ago Sieur de La Salle, a brave and gallant knight of France, crossed the Atlantic in ships of war, and planted on the shores of the Bay of Matagorda, in the wilderness of Texas, the standard of his king and the cross.

Searching for the mouth of the Mississippi, his sails were borne westward of the great river, and landing, his followers erected, from their own wrecked vessels, the first human habitations for white men ever known in that strange country, bordering on the land of the ancient Aztecs and the Montezumas. This bold French navigator had, three years before, passed down the Mississippi to its mouth, and borne back to his sovereign the romantic story of the great inland water and its majestic entrance to the sea.

After thirty years the colony of La Salle, through mutiny, desertion and pestilence—and at last by the martyrdom of their heroic leader—passed away to live only in the traditions of the centuries to follow.

The Kingdom of Spain then succeeded to the possession, by armed occupation, of all that splendid empire, once under the eyes of the eagles of France, east of Mexico and west of the "Father of Waters." From 1715, and more than a century thereafter, Texas remained the subject of the Spanish crown, and until the revolution which severed Mexico from the mother country. Our history during all these years, down to the early part of the nineteenth century, bears no fruits of civilization, no trophies

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of war, or the arts "of peace." The only relief to this picture, the only gleam of sunshine in this long and weary night, were the labors and sacrifices of devoted Christian men and women, who erected temples to God in the solitudes of the desert, and died for the faith. The ruins of these old missions still stand on the banks of the San Antonio and near ancient Goliad—glorious monuments of Christian heroism of men and the pious and deathless fidelity of women to the cross—centuries ago.

The shackles of Spanish and Mexican despotism, Texas, more than forty years ago, burst asunder, and through the blood and storm of battle walked forth into the light of a new day—bearing on brow and bosom the scars of the conflict between the oppressed and the oppressor. Since that day her political history is known to the elder generations of these States, if not to the nations of the earth as well. It was a wonderful and heroic history, that of a deeply wronged people struggling against the treachery of the knave and the tyranny of the despot—an unequal contest of fifty thousand against eight million of people—a contest waged by ragged soldiery in poverty and hunger—poor in purse, but rich in valor, and a fortitude and devotion which amid burning homes, rapine and plunder, was willing to die for their country rather than sue for dishonorable peace, or kiss the rod which smote them to the earth—a contest which bore upon its bosom, and to the front, the great, heroic names of Houston, and Rusk, and Lamar, and Wharton, and Sherman, and their confreres, who, like Cardigan at Balaklava, rode down to death and victory at San Jacinto. On that historic field—remembering Goliad and Alamo—independence was won and the "Republic of Texas" was born unto the free nations of the earth.

For nearly seven years she maintained a separate nationality, and was so recognized by the great powers. Her struggle was not on so grand a theater as was that glorious seven years' revolution of our forefathers, nor was it illustrated by nobler fields than Bunker Hill and Saratoga or Yorktown, nor by a grander fortitude than that which stood by Washington and his army amid the snows of Valley Forge, stained by the blood of their naked feet.

But we do glory in the fact, my countrymen, that our independence was achieved by no "holy alliance" of emperors or kings, and that we "trod the wine-press" and won the victory alone. In the darkest hours of the revolution, France, with Lafayette, came to your aid, and her gallant soldiers followed Washington at Monmouth, at Trenton, and at Yorktown. Her treasures filled your scanty coffers, and her ships bore down to your relief through the tempests of the ocean. No foreign greeting came to the struggling army of "Thirty-six," and no voice of kindly recognition came to us till after our conflict was ended, and the victory was won!

Mr. President, you have asked, and my State has commissioned me, to speak of our history, our present, and our hopes for the future. I would not be true to that history did I not remind you of the fact that Texas, free and independent, not from fear or force, but because of her ancestral love and blood, sought a place in the American Union. She was de-

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scended from the same English-speaking and liberty-loving people, and her struggle was for the same great principles of free government.

As the apple of Newton, in physics, fell to the earth, so the young republic gravitated to the bosom of the fatherland. You purchased with gold, from tottering dynasties, Florida and Louisiana, out of which have been carved other commonwealths, now sparkling like jewels in your crown.

Other nations, all along through the ages, have extended their area by bloody conquests, in the eternal war of the strong upon the weak. The great republic did not purchase Texas with either gold or blood.

It will be remembered too—it is a part of the history of those stormy times—that already England had proposed to become our ally, on terms of right royal bounty, and to protect us from the invasion of Mexico on the one side and the annexation to the United States on the other. Other great powers, whose ministers held court at our unpretending capital, entered with their Talleyrands and Richelieus into the artful intrigues of "state craft" to prevent the annexation of Texas to the Union.

The subtle whispers of the syren were unnoticed, and the tempting cup was dashed from the lips of the statesmen and the heroes of the cabinet, and the congress of the republic.

We held high counsel together with Jackson and Tyler and Polk and Benton, and that great American Congress of 1844, on the one side, and Houston and Rusk and Kaufman and Vanzandt and Henderson, and the Convention of Texas on the other.

We became a member of the Union by a solemn national treaty, signed and duly attested by the great seals of State on terms and conditions self-imposed, which can never be broken.

Texas became more than a co-equal State, because she reserved as her own all her public lands, then amounting to nearly two hundred millions of acres, and the right—to be exercised at will—of dividing her territory into other States for the Union; a right—pardon a digression—which will never be exercised, my countrymen, until San Jacinto is forgotten, and the martyrdom of the Alamo fades from the memory of men.

That annexation cost this Government nothing—Texas paid her own war debt, amounting to millions of money.

It is true, war with Mexico ensued ten years after Texas had shattered her lances and routed her legions, with the Emperor and Dictator a suppliant captive at her feet.

What did that war effect? In addition to the lustre shed upon our arms, it extended our possessions to the Pacific—embracing the El Dorado of the West—and making us indeed and in truth an "Ocean-bound Republic."

And in addition to all this *material* wealth, the annexation of Texas brought to the Union a history, all illuminated by the noblest sacrifices and the heroism of men who were willing to die for their country.

She came bearing as precious gifts the traditions of the early colonists, and bearing on helmet and shield battle scars of the struggle and of the victories from "'24 to '36."

She brought to you Goliad and Conception and the Alamo, and

points to the inscription on the monument made of the stones on which Crockett and Bowie and Travis fell as to the brazen serpent in the wilderness: "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none." And last, but not least, she brought to you kindred blood and a great heart, beating in unison with the Union, and surrendered the ensign of the "Lone Star," hallowed by so many thrilling memories, and took her place in the common Sisterhood of States.

I come, Mr. President, a representative from one of a younger generation of States.

And what has struck me most in my coming has been the fact, that the moment I crossed the mighty stream which drains the grandest valley in the world, I seemed to step from some fabled Atlantis, still girded with primeval forests and extended plains, unto one which denotes a *finished empire*.

Its opulent cities, its splendid highways and bright waters, were thronged with millions of freemen and the various and wonderful productions of their industry of more than an hundred years. From the Mississippi to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains the march of progress is grandly moving onward to the front. New towns, new cities, new States, are rising there like Delos from the sea. Fertile lands, rich mines—mocking the wealth of the Indies—underlaid by measureless fields of coal and iron, unnumbered herds of cattle scattered over countless plains, a genial clime opening to the hand of man the facile culture of *all* the products of other lands. Cotton, wheat, corn, rye, oats, rice, barley and sugar *grow side by side on the same fertile fields*. Ere another centennial, this splendid trans-Mississippi empire will rival, in abounding populations, abundance of products, and contributions to the happiness of man, all the older commonwealths of the republic.

Of this "New West," the State I have the honor to represent here to-day holds the far left, its *proper* and *only* ocean outlet, and keeps steadily step to the march of this imperial progress and power.

OUR AREA OF TERRITORY.

Texas is the largest of the American States, greater in extent than New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and the six New England States *all combined*. Within her borders are more than one hundred and seventy-five millions of acres of land—274,366 square miles of territory; bounded on the north and west by the Indian Territory, New Mexico and Mexico, and the south and east by the Gulf of Mexico and Louisiana. This great area lies between the twenty-sixth and thirty-sixth degrees of north latitude, and its northwestern "Pan-Handle" extends even to the border line of Kansas.

In topography Texas is naturally divided into three parts—

First—The Seaboard, extending from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, nearly a thousand miles in length, and running inland from seventy-five to one hundred miles.

Second—The Uplands, or Middle Texas. This great belt constitutes the largest area of the State. By actual survey of engineers, it is from five

hundred to eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. It contains every variety of soil, diversified with hills and valleys, alternating forests and prairie, and watered by unfailing streams.

Third—The great plains, including the “Llan^o Estacado,” and the table lands, stretching far to the west and the northwest. These plains are now and then broken by lofty mountain ranges—on the headwaters of the Red, the Pecos, and the Brazos rivers.

The first and second of these topographical classifications are unsurpassed for richness and fertility of soil and salubrity of climate.

The third and last division is yet the home of the savage, now fast disappearing before the march of civilization; and still further to the westward, the feeding ground of the buffalo. In this territory there is embraced a wider area of fertile land, with less that is unproductive, than any other portion of the habitable globe.

Extending from the semi-tropical line of the Gulf to the temperate zone—from the region of the lemon, the citron, and the orange, on which frosts never fall, through rice and sugar and cotton fields, up to the Egypt of Texas (her great Northwest) where the cereals yield in unsurpassed profusion—such a country, with such a climate, bounded by perpetual spring on the south, and by almost eternal winter in its farthest border line, must be adapted to all the wants of all the kindreds and tongues on the face of the earth.

HEALTH AND ITS EVIDENCES.

There are not less than twenty thousand people who actually live and camp nightly on the prairies of Texas.

When we number the stock men engaged with their herds, the wagon trains always passing to market or military posts, troops on the march, immigrants moving, surveyors and their parties, and excursions from all lands, always on the wing, the estimate might be doubled without fear of exaggeration. In this out-door life, from the ocean to Kansas, and from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, I am not advised of a single case of consumption ever originating in Texas. I refer you to the Medical Association of my State, and to the concurrent testimony, gratefully rendered, of two million people. While we are not exempt from the “ills to which flesh is heir,” we have thankful pride that plague and pestilence have never yet desolated our homes. Health is almost universal throughout the State. We do not claim, Mr. President, that the fabled “fountain of youth” pours its life renewing waters evermore amid our hills and valleys, but we do claim that on our soil, and in our climate, a hardy and healthful population abounds, and that our mortality is less than sixteen to the thousand annually. These are the facts, and will not, and can not be gainsaid by carping critics and wilful maligners of our good name.

PRODUCTS—COTTON.

Texas has raised this year over one-seventh of the entire cotton crop of the United States—over six hundred and eighty thousand bales. All nations are vitally interested in the successful culture of cotton. Its growth and its uses have marked the era of our grandest civilization.

The general government, through its agricultural bureaus, watches with anxious eye the rain-fall of June, and learns with dismay of the ap-

pearance of the caterpillar in July. And well may the government feel a deep interest in the cotton crop prospects of our Southern States. Europe is the chief purchaser of this great staple, and two hundred millions of dollars in gold is derived annually from this source alone to pay interest on American bonds held by European capitalists.

Nor is this interest felt in the cotton-producing States confined to the American Union. The failure of our crop threatens with idleness halt the ships of commerce, and half the inhabitants of the civilized world look to our cotton fields for raiment.

Thus every consideration invests the cotton culture with absorbing interest, and every effort of industry and art, to increase and secure this great crop, is looked to with anxious national concern. Such is the adaptation of our soil and climate to the production of cotton, ranking in staple the finest in the world's markets, that one-fifth of her territory could produce an annual crop greater than is now gathered from all the cotton fields of the globe. And yet we have more than a hundred million of acres untouched by the plow. The time is coming, Mr. President, and that right rapidly, when we shall hold the balance of power in the cotton exchange of the continent, and our voice be heard throughout the world with respect.

GRAIN.

If Texas has demonstrated her capacity for raising all the cotton required to supply the looms of the world, her soil and climate have not less conclusively shown that she can produce the cereals to feed the millions of the earth's inhabitants in a large degree. The grain-growing capabilities of Texas are just beginning to be tested. For the past few years wheat was only grown to meet the necessities of limited sections. In the more recent periods the product has been wonderfully increased, and the yield last year in thirteen of the best grain-growing counties of Texas approximated to ten millions of bushels. Heretofore we have regarded the great Northwestern States as the only source of supply for our bread and meat-stuffs. Now that we are connected by great lines of railway with the Northwestern States, we have begun to reverse the old course of trade, and last year over four millions of bushels of wheat were actually shipped to Kansas City and St. Louis for a market.

We are yet deficient—but will not always be so—in improved facilities for manufacturing flour, as compared with the great mills of the West. And hence this very grain, in many instances, was re-shipped to Texas in the form of flour just as thousands of our hogs from the lower counties of the State were shipped the last winter to St. Louis to be sold to us again as bacon and lard.

The area of Texas, peculiarly adapted to wheat and all the cereals, is larger than the great States of Missouri, Illinois and Indiana combined.

The wheat crop of the United States in 1860 was estimated, in round numbers, at one hundred and seventy-three millions of bushels. Of this Illinois produced 24,000,000, Indiana, 17,000,000, Wisconsin, 17,000,000.

What could Texas do if one-fifth of her wheat-growing counties (say sixty in number) were planted in wheat alone?

There are fifty counties of the one hundred and sixty-eight organized counties capable of producing twenty bushels to the acre, which is below the average product.

If one-fifth of the area of these counties were planted in wheat it would yield one hundred and fifteen millions of bushels, the cash value of which is four times greater than the value of the cotton crop. Texas wheat, both in quality and excellence, is not equaled by that of the most favored grain-growing regions of the United States.

Let me give you an example in point: Flour from Dallas County, Texas, made from this year's wheat (1876), was sold in the Galveston market on the 19th of May, and was from a crop yielding thirty-three bushels to the acre. These facts have been officially furnished to me, as also most valuable commercial statistics hereafter given of our trade, by the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Galveston, the Hon. A. M. Hobby, a gentleman noted for the accuracy and extent of his commercial knowledge, as he is also in other walks a distinguished citizen of Texas.

Just in proportion as the measured bushel increases in specific gravity it holds a greater proportion of the nutritious qualities of wheat and a less quantity of water, and the less water it contains better adapts it when ground into flour for shipment to warm and tropical climates. No. 3 Texas wheat will weigh 61 pounds; No. 2, 63 to 64; and No. 1, 65 pounds to the bushel. These qualities of our Texas wheat are mainly due to the chemical peculiarities and adaptation of soil and climate to its production.

IT IS SUPERIOR.

First—Because it is dryer, more dense, and the heaviest known, containing less moisture than any wheat west of the Rocky Mountains.

Second—Because it produces more muscle-producing qualities.

Third—Because it reaches market from four to six weeks earlier than flour made elsewhere in the United States.

In quantity the difference is not less marked. Genesee County, New York, from 1830 to 1848, I believe, stood first on the list. The average yield during that time was twenty bushels to the acre. Stark County Ohio, ranked second, with an average yield of eighteen bushels. The average yield in thirteen counties in Texas from which statistics have been obtained,, exhibits the following table:

	Acres.	Yield per Acre.
Wheat.....	301,000	24 1-13
Corn.....	277,000	39 7-8
Oats.....	93,000	56 1-6

I have thus, Mr. President, alluded at some length to the grain-growing capabilities of Texas—and, particularly, of wheat, which stands first in the list of cereals in point of value, and as an article of food for man. Since its introduction as such it has kept equal pace with his civilization. I am not less proud, Mr. President, of the wheat and cotton-growing States of the Union than of their great commercial and manufacturing sisters. One is the indispensable complement of the other. Nine-tenths of the commerce of the world is embraced in the two terms—Food and Raiment. But among the three emblems of industry—the Plow, the Loom, the Anvil—the plow represents the largest interest, Thus, while I

behold with pride the States which separately contribute by the product of one of these to our national prosperity, I turn with not unbecoming admiration to Texas, which contributes the products of all to the general weal.

RAIN-FALL.

Having referred to productiveness of soil and salubrity of climate, it may not be without interest to allude to the rain-fall, without which the sterility of Sahara would girdle the earth with its burning belt of sand. A comparison of the rain-fall of Texas with States famed for quantity and certainty of yield, will show how ill-founded is the once prevalent idea that Texas was a land of drouth. Assuming Illinois and Missouri to be the mean center geographically and agriculturally of the productive regions of the United States, I would give the following result of rain-fall, in inches, from September, 1871, to September, 1875—a period of four years :

States.	Total Inches.	Annual Average.
Missouri (St. Louis).....	157.03	39.26
Illinois (Chicago).....	126.15	31.51
Texas (Galveston).....	203.56	50.64

In the opulent and delightful city of San Antonio, the center of what has been miscalled the "dry section," the following results have been obtained from a carefully prepared table, extending over a period of six years' observation: Mean temperature for the seasons—spring, 69.44; summer, 83.56; autumn, 68.95; winter, 52.94; year, 68.85; mean annual rain-fall (six years), 36.90.

Italy may in vain be challenged to produce so extraordinary a table of mean temperature, relative humidity of air and rain-fall, as is furnished by this historic city of Western Texas, and which may be pronounced one of the healthiest cities in the world—resting like our capital on the Colorado, amid beautiful valleys, by crystal waters, and under the shadows of the mountains.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Prior to the advent of the Anglo-American settlers in Texas, the pack-mule furnished the only means of transportation. With their coming, hoof and wheel were introduced, supplanted in turn by the iron horse. In 1853 the first mile of railway was constructed in the State. Under pressure alone of increased production nearly three thousand miles have been built, and are now in active operation. Texas; I believe, to-day is the only State in the Union where the construction of railways has not been discontinued. In the extension of main trunk lines and independent roads her activity keeps pace with her march of progress in every department of human industry. In the encouragement of works of internal improvement, in removing obstructions from her navigable rivers, in the irrigation of her western plains, and especially in the construction of railways, Texas has extended the most magnificent bounties. Though among the youngest of these States, she has outstripped them all in the princely gifts she has offered her own and citizens of other lands to build these great public works.

Within the next decade her International Railway will doubtless traverse the entire State to the Rio Grande—into the heart of Mexico. Her

"Sunset" road will soon form with the road from Houston to Beatmont, two main links between New Orleans and Mexico. The Texas Central, built by the energy of our own "railroad city of Houston, now passes through the whole State to Red River, connecting with the splendid system of the Northwest. The Texas and Pacific, fostered alike by the State and General Government, is now completed from Louisiana to Fort Worth, and from Marshal via Jefferson, and through the magnificent Red River region of North Texas, to Sherman in the West.

May we not indulge the hope, ere this decade shall pass away along this Trans-Continental and Inter-Oceanic line, the commerce of the Orient and the Occident shall roll in wealth and splendor, making our deserts and wilderness blossom as the rose?

Texas grants, under her general railroad law, sixteen sections, or 10,240 acres of land for every mile of road constructed and put in running order. To this date the State has donated, for internal improvements, as follows:

No. of acres granted to railroad companies.....	19,794,160
No. of acres granted to rivers.....	4,160,180
No. of acres granted to irrigation.....	107,510
	24,016,880

Aggregating over twenty-four millions of acres. In addition to all this munificent grant, she loaned before the recent war, of her school fund, to railways, \$1,815,000, nearly two millions in gold. The consequence has been, while her generous bounty may have been now and then abused, these great railway lines have brought millions of wealth, hardy and industrious populations, and extended our frontiers westward two hundred miles in twenty years.

EDUCATION—FREE SCHOOLS.

It has always been the policy of Texas to encourage a liberal system of education. Early in the history of the Republic, in 1836, there was ample provision made for common schools and for one great State University. Of our public domain there has been surveyed and set apart, more than a quarter of a century ago—

For State University.....	221,400 acres.
For each county in State.....	17,712 "

We have 168 organized counties, thus giving to the counties, for free schools, over twenty millions of acres. The elder counties located their lands years ago, and they are now in the settled section of the State, and worth \$3.50 per acre, or \$61,992 to each county. At present rates, the University lands, at the same figures, are worth the princely sum of \$749,000.

In addition to this, each alternate section granted to railroads is reserved for the school fund, and by the present constitution, one-half of *all* the public lands and one-fourth of all the general revenues are solemnly set apart for a perpetual fund for common free schools for the children of Texas. The number of acres of our public school lands will now ap-

proximate twenty million acres—worth over thirty millions of dollars ! By the late Constitutional Convention of Texas there has, in addition, been granted to the University one million more of acres of the public lands. This University, we intend, shall stand by the Harvards and the Yales of the New, and the Trinitys and Oxfords of the Old World.

Under wise legislation, our unrivalled school fund will furnish a basis for the free education of every child in Texas. She dispenses this bounty in no spirit of caste, party or section. *All races* may bring their children to drink at this fountain. Not thirty days ago the Legislature of my State, in addition to our public free schools, established by law a College for the colored youth of the State, and appropriated thousands of dollars for its perpetual endowment.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTIONS.

The Constitution now in force exempts from forced sale a homestead in the country, of 200 acres, with all its improvements, and a homestead in cities and towns not exceeding in value five thousand dollars, at time so designated. There is also a clause exempting current wages from garnishment—assimilating in this respect wages to property. Thus the wages of the landless laborer, living by the “sweat of his brow,” and the homestead of the family, around which widowhood and orphanage cling in misfortune, are forever exempt from debt by the humane declaration of organic law.

PUBLIC DEBT AND TAX LIMITATIONS.

It may be asked if all the advantages that Texas offers in cheap lands, variety of product, health, comfort, and law-abiding people, are not counterbalanced by heavy taxes. The bonded tax of Texas is \$4,264,717. The taxable property of the State in September, 1875, was \$275,000,000. To-day it is officially estimated at \$300,000,000. A tax of less than one-and a-half per cent. if levied and collected on this property would extinguish at once the entire debt of the State. Her credit, once tottering, now stands erect, the peer of any other State. The accruing interest on her debt is paid promptly at her treasury, and her bonds sought eagerly at home and abroad. With the increase of our taxable values, the fabulous growth of our population, with a rigid assessment and collection of the taxes, forcing the necessary expenditures of the government and the revenues to cancel each other, guarding against all deficits, Texas may soon discharge every dollar that she owes in less than the next decade of her history.

Our Constitution provides that “the State tax on property exclusive of the tax necessary to pay the public debt shall never exceed fifty cents on one hundred dollars valuation, and that no city, county or town shall levy more than one-half of said State tax.” Thus for the future the State and county tax shall never exceed seventy-five cents on the one hundred dollars. This wise provision restrains the State and county from imposing upon themselves and their posterity great public debts, crushing and to crush the population of generations to follow after us.

WEALTH AND POPULATION.

We have, sir, to-day, after so richly endowing our schools, universities, internal improvements, and public charities and asylums, we still have

left unappropriated 75,000,000 acres of public lands. We are yet, too, only in the early manhood of our life; yet we feel, Mr. President, in recounting what we have in present wealth and power, your own pride and love for the Republic, as well as our own, will be gratified.

Our taxable property was in 1850, \$51,000,000; in 1860, \$294,000,000; in 1870, \$174,818,986; in 1875, \$275,000,000; in 1876, \$300,000,000.

From a cotton crop not exceeding 25,000 bales thirty years ago, Texas has become this day the largest cotton producing State in the Union, reaching 680,000 bales. Her annual exports of cattle are estimated at six millions (\$6,000,000); wool \$1,000,000; hides, \$1,800,000; beef in barrels, \$1,300,000, and fruits and other exports, \$3,000,000. The table I now read, Mr. President, carefully collected from official data, shows what may be regarded as a startling discovery by our sister States of the Union. That discovery, if you please, shows Texas to be the largest producer of the great staple in the United States. These are the figures—full of hope and meaning to my State and the Union:

STATES.	lbs lint produced.			Actual Acres.		Actual Yield.	
	Average.	1876	1874-5	1875-6	1874-5	1875-6	1874-5
Alabama	143	138	127	1,850,000	1,800,000	580,000	520,000
Arkansas	250	248	185	1,100,000	950,000	620,000	400,000
Florida	119	117	110	225,000	220,000	60,000	55,000
Georgia	130	103	122	1,700,000	1,650,000	400,000	460,000
Louisiana	250	218	199	1,250,000	1,150,000	620,000	520,000
Mississippi	165	153	129	1,900,000	1,880,000	660,000	250,000
North Carolina		185	203	620,000	591,000	260,000	273,000
South Carolina	140	117	132	1,200,000	1,200,000	320,000	360,000
Tennessee	178	178	100	740,000	700,000	300,000	160,000
Texas	230	230	200	1,300,000	1,175,000	680,000	535,000
Total		167	140	11,885,000	11,316,000	4,500,000	3,322,000

Our increase in exports and imports, foreign and coastwise, is unparalleled in modern States.

Look at Galveston alone! Her exports in 1885 were \$29,336,526. Her imports in 1875 were \$35,059,570. Her imports in coffee from Brazil from 1871 to 1875 was \$2,542,371. Since, in 1876, we have begun to ship abroad grain and hogs; and our industries have so wonderfully developed, our imports of life-sustaining products have fallen below our exports, and will so continue. What is true of Galveston, is, in the same proportion, true of Houston, Dallas, Jefferson, Austin, San Antonio, the great trade centers of Texas.

Our growth in population has not been less wonderful than our progress in material wealth and power.

The population of Texas in 1850 was 212,000; in 1860, 600,000; in 1870, 818,000; in 1876, approximating 2,000,000.

From the official estimates of our late immigration bureau, our annual increase of population, from immigration alone, is a quarter of a million of people. How long will it take us to march abreast, and to the front even, of the great States of the Union. The great State of New York has about five million, and Pennsylvania three million five hundred thousand population. In five years we will overtake the "Old Keystone," and in ten years stride alongside the great metropolitan State of the Union!

In the next decade we will have over six millions of inhabitants standing sentinels within our gates. To her elder sisters, who are outstripped by us in the race, Texas shall, in that day of her power, extend her strong arm and warm heart "locking shield to shield," as our fathers did at Bunker Hill, Yorktown and San Jacinto!

MORAL ADVANCEMENT OF TEXAS.

It is with pride I announce, Mr. President, to the American people, that Texas is neither a penal colony nor a Botany Bay. Nowhere on this continent does there exist a greater respect for religion and law than in my long abused State.

Not only is the "schoolmaster abroad," but for forty years of our history the humble and faithful ministers of the cross "cried aloud in the wilderness" in the name of the Master. I have before me, sir, the actual statistics of her moral and Christian progress. All the Protestant and Catholic creeds have erected there an altar to God. There are, this day, 70,000 Baptist communicants, 70,000 Methodist Episcopal, 2,000 Old School Presbyterians, 3,000 Protestant Episcopal, 7,000 Disciples of Christ; Cumberland Presbyterian, 4,000; Methodist Protestant, 2,000; and there are also 140,000 Catholic population in Texas. There are 2,000 preachers of the gospel, and 50,000 Sunday-School scholars, who, in the brightness of childhood, each Sabbath morning, are learning "to remember their Creator in the days of their youth."

Will you tell me, sir, after this, that Texas, which has 350,000 Christian worshippers, devoted men and pious women praying for her salvation, is not the peer of all her sisterhood in respect to divine and human laws? Don't listen, my countrymen, to the envenomed slang of the hustings and the promptings of a blind and unforgiving fanaticism! Come among us, to our churches, to our homes, to our fire-sides, in the busy fields, on our exposed frontiers, anywhere, everywhere, from the palace to the cabin, and you will return to your own gallant people, telling them that we have a civilization, a hospitality, and a respect for law, alike the pride and the glory of a commonwealth. That we have lawless men, who now and then kill and murder; that on our exposed frontiers, thinly populated, are sometimes found turbulent and desperate men from the older States, is most true. It is an element of all new countries, and should be, as it will be, throttled in due season by the moral force of the people, and sustained if need be by the strong arm of legislative and executive power. But Texas is herself loyal to law and order, extending as strong a shield and as safe a protection to the citizens as any other State in the whole American Union.

PROSPECTIVE SOURCES OF WEALTH.

I have not spoken at length of our mineral resources, of our immense forests, of our best lumber for commerce in the world, or that *not* far distant future when the great "new west," of which St. Louis and Kansas City are the heart centers, shall find their *nearest* and most proper ocean-outlet through Texas seaports. We are at Galveston, Sabine Pass and Houston, nine hundred miles, by rail, nearer to this magnificent grain-growing section of the Union than is Boston or New York. Cotton and sugar and grain seek the nearest routes to the sea. Why may we may not

compete for this trade? We are now grasping each other with iron hands, and to-day the trade between St. Louis, Kansas and the West, with Texas, is counted by *millions*, which was but *nominal* ten years ago. When the bars at Galveston shall receive, in appropriations, only "sheer justice" from the Government; when ocean steamships shall, as they will, land at Houston, Texas ports *will* handle the great grain trade of the West—in the shipment to Europe and South America. Our iron and copper and coal fields will ere long yield a source of wealth rivaling Pennsylvania or Europe perhaps.

EMIGRATION AND TOLERATION.

Texas invites the emigrant to come hither, and from whatever land he will be met at the threshold by genial and honest welcome. Let me say to the young man, and the old man, and fair daughters of the older States, we would not ask you to leave the aged mother who rocked your cradle or the riper civilization amid the holy memories of native land, but *this* we do announce, that, if you must seek in other lands fortunes and home, Texas, with traditional hospitality, extends her warm grasp, with open doors, in advance, through one of her chosen officers of State. What care we for your political opinions, or under what flag have you fought! Texas wants *men, honest men*, with hearts and strong arms, to populate her wilderness and prairie, with freedom to vote or to speak, as if "native and to the manor born." They shall worship God upon their coming under their own vine and fig-tree, and none dare to molest or make them afraid. Why, sirs, when you are told that we dislike for our Northern brethren to immigrate hither, it is a base slander on a brave and generous people. Mr. President, the blood of the North and the West, as well as of the South, mingles in our veins, and was shed freely for us in our early struggles. The "Fathers of Texas," the patriotic Austins, were from Connecticut. Our first President of the Republic was from New England; Ohio sent to the struggling army of Houston in '36 a company of gallant soldiers; and the noble women of Cincinnati—God bless their daughters!—heard our wail, and gave to the Texan army that historic battery of artillery known as the "Twin Sisters," whose guns thundered for liberty at San Jacinto. On the monument which stands in the vestibule of the capitol, made of the blood-stained stones of the Alamo, are inscribed a host of names of the heroic and martyred dead, who were from the West, and from the North, and from New England.

Sirs, Texas will *never* forget these kindred memories of blood and holy sacrifice. She is tolerant of *opinion*, and the same boon she asks of you for herself she concedes to others of our countrymen. We *invite* all people to come in the spirit of common brotherhood. We offer a sky as bright as Italy, and a soil which yields fruitful harvests to the sweat of toil. We are larger than all France, and could make *room and bread* for her many millions. Massachusetts has 7,800 square miles to 500,000 people—192 to the square mile. England has 50,000 square miles, 21,000,000 people—412 to the square mile. With our agricultural capacity, and over 274,000 square miles, we can sustain a population of forty millions. Like our boundless plains, the heart of Texas is broad enough and warm enough to greet the coming of our own countrymen *first*, and afterwards the

earth's oppressed and hungry millions. Though spite and envy and falsehood may hawk at our progress, yet from the States of our own blessed fatherland, and from all kindreds and tongues, they are coming—they are coming—"an host which no man can number," to live and die for Texas and the Union—in the triumph of peace, or in the defence of her flag.

The prophecy of Bishop Berkly, uttered more than a century ago, will yet be realized by our children, and Texas become the central figure in that splendid vision of the poet :

"Westward the course of empire takes its way:

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day.

Time's noblest offspring is the last."

NATIONAL MEMORIES—GREAT MISSION OF THE REPUBLIC.

I have spoken imperfectly, I know, but with ardor, Mr. President, in behalf of my beloved State. I have designed rather to be plain and practical, and substantiate by facts and figures, than to deal in glittering generalities, or paint gaudy pictures of her wealth and material progress. In behalf of Texas, and to crown the argument in her favor, as she confidently invokes the judgment of her peers, we say to sister States, "Go and see for yourselves," and on your impartial verdict, though penned by hands which may have stricken us in anger in the past, will be written these memorable words of the Eastern queen: "The half has not been told." But, sir, Texas comes with patriotic pride to-day to assure our countrymen that her heart beats high and loyal to the memory of our fathers of '76, and the great principles of human liberty for which they fought and freely offered their lives. One hundred years have passed since the signers of the Declaration of Independence stood in that old hall yonder, and, in defiance of King George, proclaimed the independence of the Colonies of the British Crown. Their recital of the wrongs and oppression of the unnatural mother country, and their bold defiance of kingly power as they risked and "pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor," in defence of that grand declaration, will live fresh and green in the national memory while our mountains stand, or our rivers roll down to the sea.

It was the first time in the world's stormy history of wars and conquests, of the rise and fall of nations, that a republican system of free government, recognizing that the people are the sources of all political power, wisely regulated by law and a written constitution, assumed form and shape, from the chaos of the past. To our fathers belongs this eternal honor, and to the God of Revolution the everlasting gratitude of their posterity. It is a fortunate and happy thought, this meeting of the "old thirteen States" and their descendants, sprung from their fruitful loins, to commemorate their virtues and their valor, on the Centennial anniversary of the republic. It reminds us, my countrymen, that we are of common origin and kindred, sons of immortal sires. That in that seven years' struggle, in council or field, there was no North, no South, no East, no West; side by side South Carolina and Massachusetts, Georgia and New York, Virginia and Pennsylvania and New England marched and fought, naked and starving and penniless, mid storm and winter, and shoulder to shoulder, went down to death right gladly for our native land.

Shall we ever barter or divide our birthright of the glorious memories of Bunker Hill, of Monmouth and Brandywine, and Saratoga and Trenton, and Charleston and Yorktown? or cease to revere the memory of Washington, and Jefferson, and the Adamses, and Hancock and Madison, and Lee, and the old Continental Congress, who transmitted to us this great priceless inheritance? No, sir! They belong to no section. And Texas to-day, thank God, kneels by the side of Maine and Massachusetts, and places with reverent and grateful hands her offering of love upon our country's altar.

Mr. President, I proclaim to you in this grand presence to-day, that though we have had fratricidal strife, and kindred blood has met in the

shock of battle, and one-half of the Union have drained the bitter cup to its dregs, we are nevertheless your brothers and your countrymen, and that "standard sheet" now floating above us is still our flag, and this Union one Union till the end of time! We have had enough of war, enough of strife. The great mission of the republic is to cement that union at home by wisdom, justice and moderation, and to beam as a beacon light from the shores of the new world through the night and the tempest to all the down-trodden nations of the earth.

Its principles are spreading like tidal waves across the oceans and the continents. It has burst long ago the chains forged by the despot of South America, and given to France at last a stable Republic. Its influence has brought sunshine even to the serfs of Russia, and robbed of its terrible meaning that old canon of thrones, "the king can do no wrong." It is heard to-day recognizing the people's rights in parliaments^a and in the cabinets of emperors and kings, and dynasties totter and read, like Belshazer of old, the doomed "handwriting on the wall." It may yet give freedom to Poland; and Ireland, the land of the Green Shamrock, may at last write the epitaph of the martyred Emmet—on Erin's monument—above his grave. Sir, with such a mission for the republic, let us march forward, looking never behind us upon the sorrows and quarrels of the past—the mournful past of our history.

Sir, you have been told that we are demons in hate, and gloat in the thought of war and blood. Men of New England—men of the great North! will you believe me, when for two millions of people whom I represent, and the whole South as well, I denounce the utterance as an inhuman slander, and a damnable and unpardonable falsehood against a brave, and God knows, a suffering people! Want war! Want bloodshed! Sirs, we are poor, broken in fortune and sick at heart. Had you stood by the ruined hearthstones; by the wrecks of fortune, which are scattered all along the shore; had you seen, as I have seen, the wolf howling at the door of many a once happy home; widowhood and orphanage starving, and weeping over never returning sires and sons, who fell with your honored dead at Gettysburg and Manassas; could you hear as I have heard, the throbbing of the great universal Southern heart, throbbing for peace and yearning for the old and faithful love between the States; could you have seen and felt and heard all these things, my countrymen, you would take me by the hand and swear that the arm thus uplifted against us, and the tongue which utters the great libel on our name, should wither at the socket and become palsied forever at the root! I repeat again, "let our spears be turned into pruning hooks and our swords beat into ploughshares," to remain everlasting memorials of returning peace and good will to the American people.

With each returning spring let us scatter flowers over the resting-place alike of the Federal and Confederate dead, as we enshrine with immortelles of memory your Sumner and Thomas, and McPherson, with our Sidney Johnson, Stonewall Jackson and the great Lee forever. Let universal amnesty crown the closing of the century. Our brothers died not in vain in the last great struggle. Standing long ago in the capitol of Texas, with my oath to support the constitution fresh upon my lips, I uttered these words, and from a full heart I repeat them here to-day: "They died not in vain," and whether wearing the gray or wearing the blue, their lives were offered freely, like libations of water, for what each dying soldier deemed for right and for native land. In their graves, made immortal by the same ancestral heroism of race and of blood, let us bury the fends of that stormy hour of our history. In this generous and knightly spirit, Texas to-day sends fraternal greeting to all States of the Union.



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